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LEADER OF MEN



Robert Gordon Anderson



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By Robert Gordon Anderson

Not Taps but Reveille

The Little Chap

Leader of Men

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Theodore Roosevelt,

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Theodore Roosevelt

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✓ Leader of Men

By

Robert Gordon Anderson

Author of

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C. J. J.

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“**R**OOSEVELT is dead.” Why should
that line
Strike to my heart as if it told
The death of some close kin of mine,
Father or brother, friend of old?

I never saw him face to face—
Just once some fourteen years ago
Outside the crowded meeting place,
When he addressed the overflow,

The fearless eyes, the firm-set chin,
A man who loved the nobler fight,
The short swift gestures driving in
The things he knew were just and right:

A newer, deeper reverence
For things that never can grow old,
Judgments so filled with common sense
Fools did not realize their gold.

And things which statesmen scorn to preach—
The love of children, home and wife,
Old-fashioned laws, yet ones whose breach
May sap the proudest nation's life.

So with his passing now it seems
The old, old order too is dead,
The new with all its restless dreams,
Revolt and chaos lowers ahead.

Th' oncoming storm in rage assaults
The rocks that bulwarked all our past.
And yet that age with all its faults
Held things to which we must hold fast.

The outworn temples we thought good,
False gods may well be overthrown—
The broad foundations where he stood
We still will cherish as our own.

"Roosevelt is dead." Our leader gone!
To-day there stands his vacant chair
Not in that island home alone—
By myriad firesides everywhere.

Leader of Men

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He loved us! Swift our torches light
With the bright fire his courage gives.
We shall not falter in the fight—
Roosevelt is dead. His spirit lives!

R. G. A.

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Leader of Men

IT is strange to link his memory with a dream. Dreams are inconsequent, prankish things, and his life, which mattered more than any in our time, was clearly charted by Destiny. Dreams are of the dark and he ever walked in sunlight. They are woven of gossamer, he was hewn of stern, heroic stuff.

Yet it was significant, a symbol, revealing in the fantasies of the night what he meant to us in the glare and heat of the noontide. To us, not the great, the wise men of the earth, but the plain, the unlettered, in flat and tene-ment and prairie shack, who followed

him from afar. To us who had only glimpsed him, on the distant platform, the vanishing train, or as the storm-center of some swirling crowd, and yet who felt, when those first bulletins came, as if our own households had been entered by the dark messenger.

The dream came in this way:

There were twelve of us around the table that night, men and women in the common walks of life, his humble followers.

Outside in the busy world, the mighty were quarreling over our leader's mantle, passing judgment, or writing requiems in their lordly way. There was no greatness, no splendor within the room, save that of our affection for him. As so often happened with us, the hours passed in talk of him. Each in turn, and according to his type,

dwelt on the ray of that shining personality which most had lighted and warmed his own life.

We spoke of tributes to other leaders and longed for one of ours, not a searching life or splendid history—some simple thing straight from the heart. Already in that first Christmastide after his passing they had started their books about him. They will range in stately procession down the years. We praised them as the verdicts of wiser minds. Then we faltered—and paused. Even in the loftiest, we said, there was something missing. What it was we could not define, some intangible essence of character, some afterglow of affection, perhaps the homely appeal of the film taken in the family circle, which no master-portrait can have.

One says,—“That’s fine and won-

derful but you should have seen him when—,” or, “You remember that time—”

And this though he had never crossed our thresholds, never clasped our hands in his!

Perhaps we forgot, for the time, that nobly austere dirge of Kipling’s, but still our question had reason in it when we came to ask:

Is there none to voice the hearts of those who loved him best, who suffered most,—the ungifted, the mute?

There was one among us, that night, somewhat above the average,—a writer of fair note. He, with the longing of his craft for expression of that within his heart, recalled “The Perfect Tribute,” the touching portrait of the beloved chief of fifty years ago. That was ambitious. Even so we thought

the mellow tones and dramatic values of fiction less fitting than rugged fact.

He mulled over this form and that, that tale and the other. There were anecdotes suggesting the theme, events which lent the setting. All were rejected by us, who had neither critic's plumb nor square, only the one measure of our love.

Then he spoke of that fine last act of *The Copperhead*, in which, though he never comes, Lincoln lives, reborn in an old man's memory. Oh, for an after-glow portrait like that!

And all the while I studied those in the room. The light of their faces, the tones of their voices as they talked, in themselves were rare, unconscious tributes. And the faces of others I had known, who loved him, kept passing

before me,—plain men and common, yet a shining host.

And so I felt that never would his portrait be painted, his story writ, in master-painting and lofty book, half so clearly as in the composite picture made by his humblest followers, each reflecting some facet of his mighty soul.

The sum of their life-stories in a way was his. In them was his real performance, his never-withering laurel.

The hours passed, the guests departed, and I fell asleep. But in my dream the voices still carried on. . . .

It had a setting in half-light, the vision, but as well-defined as that play of Tolstoi's which the art of the youngest Barrymore so lately illumined. There was a spacious room, with easy chairs and many books, trophies and

noble stag-heads upon the wall. Full length doors opened on waters in the distance. Across them a bright moon-path led to the horizon.

Just without the circle of the reading-lamp, the Leader himself reclined in an easy chair, a little inert for one of such vitality. He seemed to be very tired, almost pathetically so.

In his hand he held a volume. Though it was small and I was far off, with a dreamer's vision I could read the title. It was one of Emerson's. Some sentence or rather paragraph—for, as his habit was, he read whole pages with swift leaps of his mind—caught his attention and he repeated it aloud:

“Truth is a natural force and no more to be resisted than other natural forces.”

He paused, and for a moment the figure was instinct with the old vitality.

Boyishly he uttered that familiar expression of his:

“By George, that’s fine!”

It did not sound incongruous in the dream, nor was it without dignity.

Then in distress he added:

“But how long, oh Lord, how long!”

Suddenly there were voices, like those of the guests of the evening, sounding outside, on the moonlit waters.

Then a bright troupe entered through the doorway, with the raiment and features of the Virtues, as in some old Morality play. Ahead marched Courage with strong hands and lion-skin over his sinewy body, Honesty with forthright glance, Discipline with measured tread.

After them, carrying a compass,

came Single-Mind, and one whom I mistook for Beauty because of the fairness of the features, but it was Truth. Near him was Duty to whom, though an unpretentious fellow, they all deferred. Then followed Tenderness, Generosity, Sacrifice, and others, nobly virile or gentle, gracious figures. And over them constantly played a searchlight, like that of the sun, clear and revealing, yet with a mellowness and warmth that gladdened the heart. It was in the hands of one called Common Sense.

By his side so constantly he seemed a sort of shadow, a sunny shadow of Common Sense, walked Humor. They were both likely, well-proportioned people. They had the air of frequent travel together and with a third, the helpmeet of Humor. She never strayed far from

him. If they were parted for a moment by the press, she always slipped back to his side. She was a woman of gentle ways, and though her face was covered with a veil, it shone with a subdued radiance. Her name was Tears.

And ever threading in and out of the busy throng, like a beautiful melody, was a bright spirit in rainbow raiment, whom they called Romance.

After them, over the threshold, passed another, a plainer group, my friends of the evening and the others whose faces I had recalled,—the old stage-driver on the Montana trail who had talked to me roughly yet affectionately of him, giving his name that odd dialect twist one often hears in our North-West; the shoe salesman who had on his bedroom walls five portraits of his chief and who lost so many accounts

in defense of him; the little Italian cobbler whose hammer and awl had seen his own four boys through high school, and who thought him even Garibaldi's peer; a pathetic clergyman pensioner; and women, toilworn but of unbroken spirit.

Three figures lingered on the threshold,—a bent old man, a bowed old woman, a crippled youth. I remembered their faces well. The old man was he who so often pored over that letter with *his* signature, the youth the one who had written from France,—“Why don't they let him come? He's worth *fifty* divisions!”—the woman, she who had given her all for them.

Tattered khaki clothed the younger man. The old folks were poorly dressed. They were quite a contrast to that bright company.

Nervously the old man turned his hat in his hands as the woman twisted her coat in hers. But the young man did not seem afraid. He urged them forward.

"Come on, father, it's all right," he said.

Disturbed from his reverie, the host arose and greeted the more distinguished guests as if they were friends who long had had the freedom of that household. But when Tenderness slipped in her quiet way to his side and whispered to him, he saw the three still lingering by the door.

The throng parted to let him through. He hurried to the threshold and clasped the boy in his arms, then the woman, and the old man. He welcomed them as if they of all his guests were the most honored. And the chivalrous visitors

waited on them, until the shyness of the three vanished and their faces shone.

After that there was talk of a journey among the distinguished folk. They noticed that their host was weary. He needed rest, they said.

He did seem worn. The short-sighted but ever eagle vision was failing. Somehow he looked as those noble antlered heads upon the wall must have looked after the long battle, and just before they fell.

He asked the company to stay with him for the night, adding that he would be ready in the morning.

Then for the first time they were aware of a new presence in the room, one who had passed over the threshold after all the others. It was a vague figure, strange yet familiar, with noise-

less step and mien not at all foreboding but reposeful.

"We must start to-night," the presence said. "There is no need of pack or passage-fare, where we are going."

There was utter finality in the stranger's tones. When he had finished no one spoke. None, mortal or immortal there, could gainsay that command.

So through the doorway they passed, in twos and threes, the last visitor leading the way, with Courage not far behind. The great man waved the rest ahead, then followed himself, his arms around the old man and the crippled youth, the woman walking at their side.

On the shore he left them. They waved to him as those who say farewell but for a little while. Then in the van

of the shining figures on over the moon-path he went.

It led to some far off place where there were new peaks to climb, new trails to follow. Their outlines I could not distinguish. They were steep yet very fair.

Then the door closed upon the moon-path and it was dark for me. An unseen hand tore off the last leaf from the calendar on the wall.

The uncovered figures read:

January 6th

.

So fled the dream and I awoke. But still through the daylight hours the figures of that noble company passed before me in bright review, and at the end, the shabby three, the humblest of his followers, yet most honored of all.

And it came to me that the vision had little of a dream's illogic and held much of truth. Some mysterious painter in that dim borderland had finished the portrait that we around the table had so unconsciously begun. For all its broad colors and simple allegory it was like life, as we his followers knew him, with the sturdy composition of fact and Rembrandt glimpses of the soul.

It was mellowed by sentiment, for we, the plain householders, the private citizens of the Earth, are sentimental. So are all great majorities. And normal sentiment is not so vain a thing. It is clear oxygen, which, uniting with our souls, kindles the warming fire, sometimes the flame of emotion that sweeps the world. It has started great crusades. It has made history.

And *he* was supreme, not for deeds which History will record, but for the reactions to his soul of millions now alive and millions yet to walk the land he loved. These reactions were those of emotion, of sentiment, though as singularly direct as the glance of his eyes before they were dimmed, a year ago. It was through sentiment that he was great. It was through us that he was great.

Again the friends gathered around the table. We talked of the dream and what it meant. And the writer, with a poetry the rest of us could never achieve, exclaimed:

“What manner of man was this? What rare strange personality that could so diffuse itself throughout a land, over a world?”

The answer we could never reach,

but in our search we learned the truth the vision held, summed up together the things he meant to us.

There were many:

Perhaps in the beginning he captured us by the romance coloring his life as much as by his courage and honesty. Romance at first in its accepted sense—then in its higher.

Children of men are ever held by stories, by living ones most strongly of all. As the years passed we watched his swiftly and splendidly unfold. Long ago, while he was still commissioner in New York, we picked him for the hero of a stirring drama to be played on some vast stage. And soon through the press and many books, we grew familiar with the earlier years.

We were glad that he was an aristocrat, he the true democrat, that he

overcame the handicap of wealth. He was a human link between orders. Paradoxically he bridged the gulf between caste and caste more quickly than if he had come from the plough or loom.

We were glad of his weak boyhood, wrought into power by fixed purpose, of his young manhood at college and on the plains.

And though our feet could never climb that trail, our eyes followed him from peak to peak. We rendered him homage, admired him, fondly, as the puny brother the stronger on the athletic field. Often we chuckled with delight. "We told you so," we would say, "we knew he could do it."

Yet his was not the ideal figure for romance. Stoutish and stocky was his frame, his neck and shoulders like

a pugilist's. Sometimes when he grew intense his voice was rasping, shrilling into a falsetto. His eyes were short of sight, even in youth, and later one was blind.

But that frame had the poise and alertness of a thoroughbred race, a mighty thunder that voice, those eyes the eagle's vision. In life they were weapons of the spirit, piercing as swiftly to the false heart as his mind to a problem's core.

And as we gaze on his pictures, above our desks, upon our walls, even in death we know those eyes still seek new trails towards far-off shining goals.

As we look again, we see that that head had a sturdy human cast, unlike those of the elder statesmen, which often resemble the stone faces of the mountain, austere and aloof.

The fingers are short and stubby. Upon the chair his hand rests, tightly closed even in repose.

His gestures were simple. They were short and swift and typical of his time. As his mind in action, they followed the straight line. To Euclid they would have seemed beautiful.

The force behind them, too, was like his age. A powerful motor drove them. But back of that superb machine were immortal fires, which never were banked, never burned low.

His deeds, unstudied as they were, had all that grace, that color of romance his person lacked. Already they are household words, and, like ancient sagas, will be told wherever men read books, casting the still more potent spell of truth. While he lived it was hard even for poets to hymn his achieve-

ments. They were arrow flights, rightly aimed and timed, too swift for song to follow.

So we were held captive by the romance of his life, that in the accepted sense, but more strongly by the higher, the romance of the spirit. And this means neither perilous journey of the body nor far adventure of the soul but cleaving to duty. Duty touched with splendor! The earthworm given wings of achievement!

We gloried in his strength the more because he held his body but as an instrument, welded by discipline to trip-hammer force and sharpened to keenest edge. We are not, as the "idealists" would have it, lean spirits toying with mists in some mysterious realm. We still have mortal frames, still toil in a human world. The truth that is good

for the soul to conceive, the lips to utter, is worth the body's struggle.

No other had so many points of contact with life, yet he was never the dilettante, always proficient—never feverish, always well-ordered. None pitted mind against so many and diverse and held respect. None rubbed elbows with such crowds and kept their love.

It was sometimes hard to see how one could be so varied, so intense and not grow feverish. His seeming impulsiveness bewildered us at first—the veteran guide has killed his game while the untrained still fumble with their magazines.

Yet he himself has said he was only a normal man, making the utmost of his powers. Though this be the undervaluing of talent, it is in a measure true.

And in this he was the great exemplar for those who, envying the winged feet of genius, murmur at the steepness of the climb.

In every memory, every estimate, it was his courage and honesty that counted most. His supreme possession of these two things is now allowed by even his enemies. Discussion of them is trite, trite as talk of the Elements, which he himself resembled. But we leaned on him heavily because of these. In an age that praised the trophy, not the fairness of the race, sheer honesty in one who led meant much.

But all the sterling virtues that marked him would have blundered without common sense, the plainest, the most divine of gifts.

With this he attacked big problems

as simply as the small, with a little more of concern, of will, but with the same sureness, the same forthrightness. Read his letter of June the eleventh, nineteen hundred and five, written to one of his sons at school. The settling of a great war and the fortunes of millions becomes as simple, told to a boy, as a quarrel over a farmer's fence.

And these last sad years when so much of the world was misruled by charlatan and demagogue—a sight for the wrath, the laughter, the pity of God Himself—it was this same gift to His chosen leader, which alone could have brought order from chaos, and which, though for a time he was rejected of men, did much to save the world.

This more than any of the older epochs is the age of the common man.

The average of intelligence, of power has risen. The gulf between leader and people has shrunk. The valor of the plain soldier, the might of the private conscience told in this last war as never before. But we will always have need of captains. He gathered those of right mind but wandering leaderless. He was the man on horseback at the crossing of three roads. A nation walked in indifference up the middle. He swung them to the right and to the charge.

How his heart burned to go with them, on into the battle! He was rejected again. Yet long after their generals with all their stars are dust he will lead a mightier army than that denied to him then.

Again we are thankful that he held the light so long without revealing one

fatal flaw. Long and far they camped on his trail, only to come home without the quarry; searched this record and that, to find no blot. It is a source of mirth for which we should be grateful in a tragic world.

Mistakes there were, for he was human, failings of temperament, for every virtue casts its fault-shadow.

But the egoism with which he was charged was often but the steel-hardening of purpose—the temper, the bright fire of courage flaming high.

Often misread were his appeals to the crowds. They were not theatric. He had the leader's technique, of course. Some of his "gestures" were designed, not by a wily histrionism but by common sense and a decent understanding of men. More were as unconscious as the motions of the stag, the lion, of all

creatures close to universal springs. He loved crowds, their finer passions. He knew their need for great crusades.

They called him by a familiar name. It is often a politician's hail-fellow trick to make some puppet popular. For him it was the accolade of youth.

He could laugh at himself. That chuckle was never the symptom of pride. His humor was proof of his sanity, his instant sizing of the situation, his unerring sense of proportion. It tingled with the zest of life, though it had not the mellowness of one close to the soil, like Lincoln. Nor was it so much a refuge from care. His flashes were passing sparks struck out as he rode. In his comments or retorts, often as smashing as his blows, we always felt the grim satisfaction of a fighter's partisans at the ringside. They were

often literal executions, like his comparison of an editor libeling the valor, not of himself but of his sons, to the lowest of crawling things upon a marble floor. There were two choices he said, crushing the insect or sparing it and—the floor.

Those equipped to advise he heeded. His councilors tell of their constant welcome. But the sights once fixed, he tried no new aim. The too-listening ear palsies the fighting arm.

Never, as the near great, did he fear surrounding himself with rivaling minds. He loved their stimulus—and his country needed them. No Achilles, sulking in his tent was he. He could lose himself in a cause.

In his admirations he was generous, not only of the famous in the fields of his recreations, but of those who might

be thought competitors. He often said that a successor at Albany made a better Governor than himself.

Surely in that volume of letters to his children, which should endure longer than all his formal works, there shine the touching humility, the childlike nature, which mark true greatness.

When new to the political game he sometimes trusted too much, when older and wiser, he used those of false standards for a purpose, and gave them respect for some rich vein threading their dark natures with gold. No army ever marshaled burns with pure patriotic fire. Many are conscripts, many soldiers of fortune. It is sufficient for the battle ahead that they are in the ranks, marching forward.

Not all of his critics bore malice. Some were well-meaning. At such a

time he hurt some prejudice—we have yet to find a definite grievance. They still view him through the smoke of forgotten campaigns.

And how the ranks of his detractors have dwindled! Too great a shrinkage to be laid to common chivalry for the dead. Perspective has come very swiftly after his passing. Even accepting, without defense, all the evidence they bring, it is so pitifully small.

Specks on the Sun!

Though he was typical of his time they called him old-fashioned. They laughed at his truisms. Gold, too, is old-fashioned—and salt and sunlight and the rocks of the eternal hills.

On old ideals, old truths he based his life, while choosing new for superstructure. He honored and observed the normal rules. He did not scorn the

Church. Creeds wear out. Hypocrites enter her walls. There is still consecration there. Nor scorned he the oldest of books. It is a quarry of eternal truth for the new temples of to-day.

Or in another way he knew that some at least of our beliefs, some conventions of our social order, are but smooth bearings on which the wheels of Progress move the more swiftly to the goal.

So it was good to have in some shining life the reaffirmation of our faith.

And it is a thing for profound gratitude that we are not forced to plead, as for other leaders, the sum of benefits conferred upon the race against grave moral offenses.

It is vain to say that art and statecraft have no concern with morals.

Under the spell of exotic beauty, the glamor of some high deed, it is often argued so. But there is a sense of loss, of final futility, when the great fail us in fundamental things, for which no lovely creation, no new empire can atone.

Had he left us no other legacy, we would still be rich in the memory of his home. The chivalry, the unceasing love with which he enfolded his own, is a beacon to light a world chafing at divine laws.

There was no parade about this. His home was a holy place. In it he found peace. When he was free from the cares of state, his wife was his companion, around the hearth and when he walked the ways of Nature whom he loved most, after his fellowmen. He was boyishly proud of her. To the

last, young love never died out of his heart.

He was the chum, the confidant of his children. He romped in their childish plays, he shared their little griefs. When he advised them as young men and women, he, the great Leader, offered his counsel humbly, suggesting the course which seemed best to him, but leaving the choice to them. And he always expressed his pride in each, his fullest confidence that whatever the choice it would always square with right.

He realized that we are never free until in bonds. He valued the beautiful interdependence of human souls in the old relationships, which make life livable and fair. Against the lax attitude and the more active forces which threaten these divine balances of our faulty scheme he preached and fought.

He was Cosmos expressed in a human personality as so many clamoring to-day are Chaos.

And though he enfolded his own with love, he did not hold them from the common strife. "Spend and be spent" was his motto and he would not spare his own. As one of us, a splendid woman of his own heroic mold said, "If we love our own truly we want the best for them."

And oh, the human tenderness of him! The old servant can tell of that, who found him in the stable, his arms around the old pet pony. They said he was hard the day before, when, after the cable came, he went up-state to face the Convention. They never knew his heart, never saw his tears. Only that old servitor and the ancient pony knew, as he wept for his boy.

His youngest born, who, on the fields of France, in death gave immortal life to the father's ideal!

To change an old adage in letter though not in spirit, "By their followers shall ye know them."

Through forty years he has held his. The personnel has a high average. It is of sound stock and, in the sterling sense of that term, American or American in the making. They are not all young. The middle-aged, the very old followed his trail. Women looked upon him as their champion and children loved him.

Some false prophets have held their peoples faithful over many years. But they promised enjoyment, preferment, ease. Our leader led over a hard road.

There was not the frenzy of the old crusades in this. Intensely sane and practical were the tasks he set, but

made beautiful by singleness of purpose and harmony with divine laws.

This has ever been an uneasy world. To-day the high tide of restlessness threatens as never before to engulf us. Some say that, had he been spared, he would have built new bulwarks against that tide. That is conjecture. Sometimes the old leader in his generation spends his endeavor. Perhaps after sixty years of warfare with the old he has not the strategy for the new. Perhaps he had served his purpose.

But of one thing we are sure, that if he were here to-day in the strength of his prime, he would acquire that strategy, would wage this later battle to a victorious close. His spirit had that mettle which alone can make weapons and implements for any age. It was mettle divine. So we can face

the storm, strong and serene in his memory and in the memory of the Leader he himself followed.

Already the romance of his life is fast turning into a legend, more swiftly after his passing than with any of the old heroes of story or song. It is a nobler legend than any tale of physical prowess or courage alone, for it is a vital far-reaching influence like the might of the sunlight. Every day, everywhere is asked the question by earnest souls seeking for the truth:

“What would *he* have done?”

It is a moral hypothesis more often propounded about this leader than any other, save Lincoln and the Founder of Christianity Himself.

He was moral force incarnate, now that influence is immortal.

It is not the heights to which he has

gone that lend enchantment. The mountain was as much a source of strength, when on its sides we saw the riven trees and scarring gulches, as when now we lift our eyes to it, soft in the purple distance.

And History will not discount our estimate so much. When the tale is told, here, in his following, you will find his true measure.

For the aggregate vision of crowds—not the mobs of a moment but the crowds of a generation—does not err. It is terrible and keen. Littleness masking as greatness cannot survive its fierce light. In its flame the slighter faults, which to his critics are the whole habit of this man, shrivel, and before our eyes he emerges in his true majesty of soul.

This is the leader we, the average

men, the plain and the unlettered, knew. In life we loved him, followed him, fought through him. It seemed to us at times, almost as if each red corpuscle in that mighty organism, in action represented and strove for some one of his followers.

It is strange the way Life has! It was just a tiny clot, which in the destined second stilled that lion-heart, that great dynamo which energized and lighted a world. . . .

Three days after his death I saw the three—that bent old man, that bowed old woman, the crippled youth. They sat by the window of their little flat. It was an unlovely place of grimy factories and noisy streets. The clock struck two and they went out upon the porch, under a little flag that fluttered at half-mast.

Then in that moment when the life of the great city paused for a few heart-beats, as the great man was borne to his last resting-place, I saw them rise. The young man dropped his crutch and stood as soldiers stand when the gun-carriage with their comrade, their loved captain, slowly passes. The old man straightened, baring his gray head to the wind. Between them stood the woman, who too had kept the faith. So they faced the flag—and the West.

It was a moment forever memorable, for then I saw writ on those three plain faces the love a nation bore him.

Still we do not mourn so much. We are glad that for sixty years we had him. His work was done. Someone, we do not yet know who, will put on his armor, take up his sword.

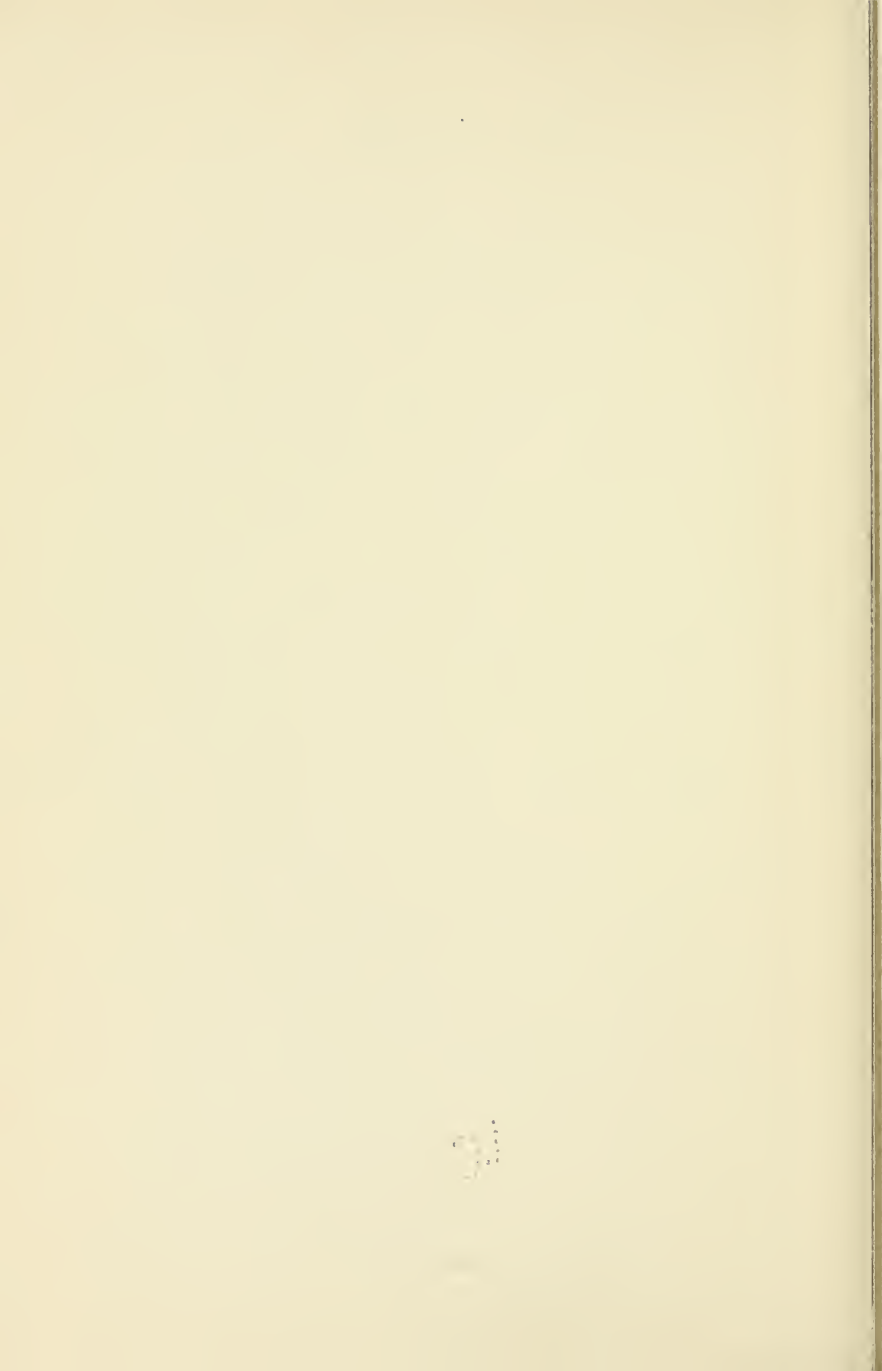
A figure ancient as Time—and

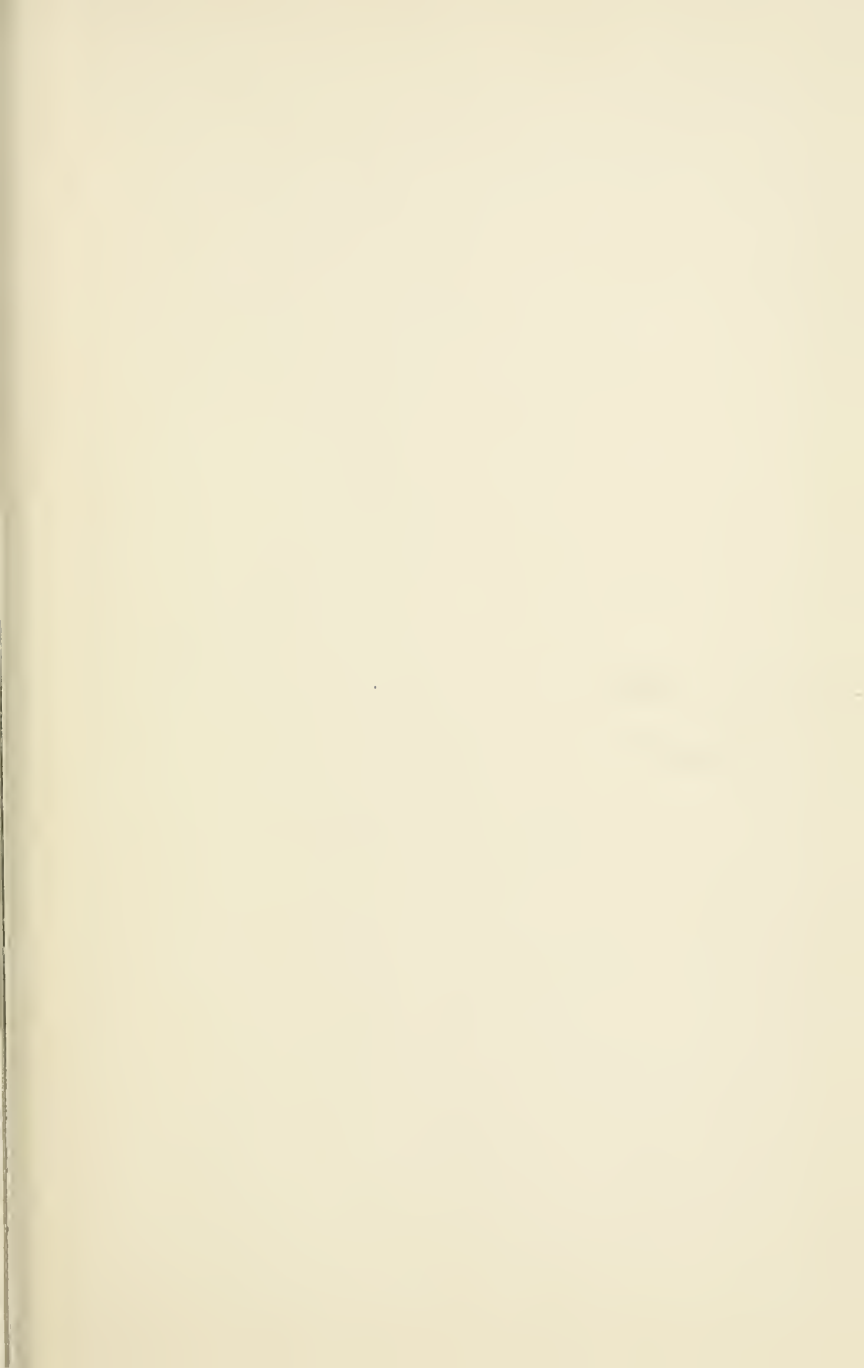
Truth! For struggle, with restful pauses of peace, is and for infinite ages will be the way of the universe. Our earthly wars are but the translation of that changeless law into terms of the flesh. They are sometimes necessary, often needless, and always cruel. Heaven speed that era when they shall cease! But the wars of the spirit will go on, the armies of light arrayed against the powers of darkness, until that last battle, whose field and hour no man may know.

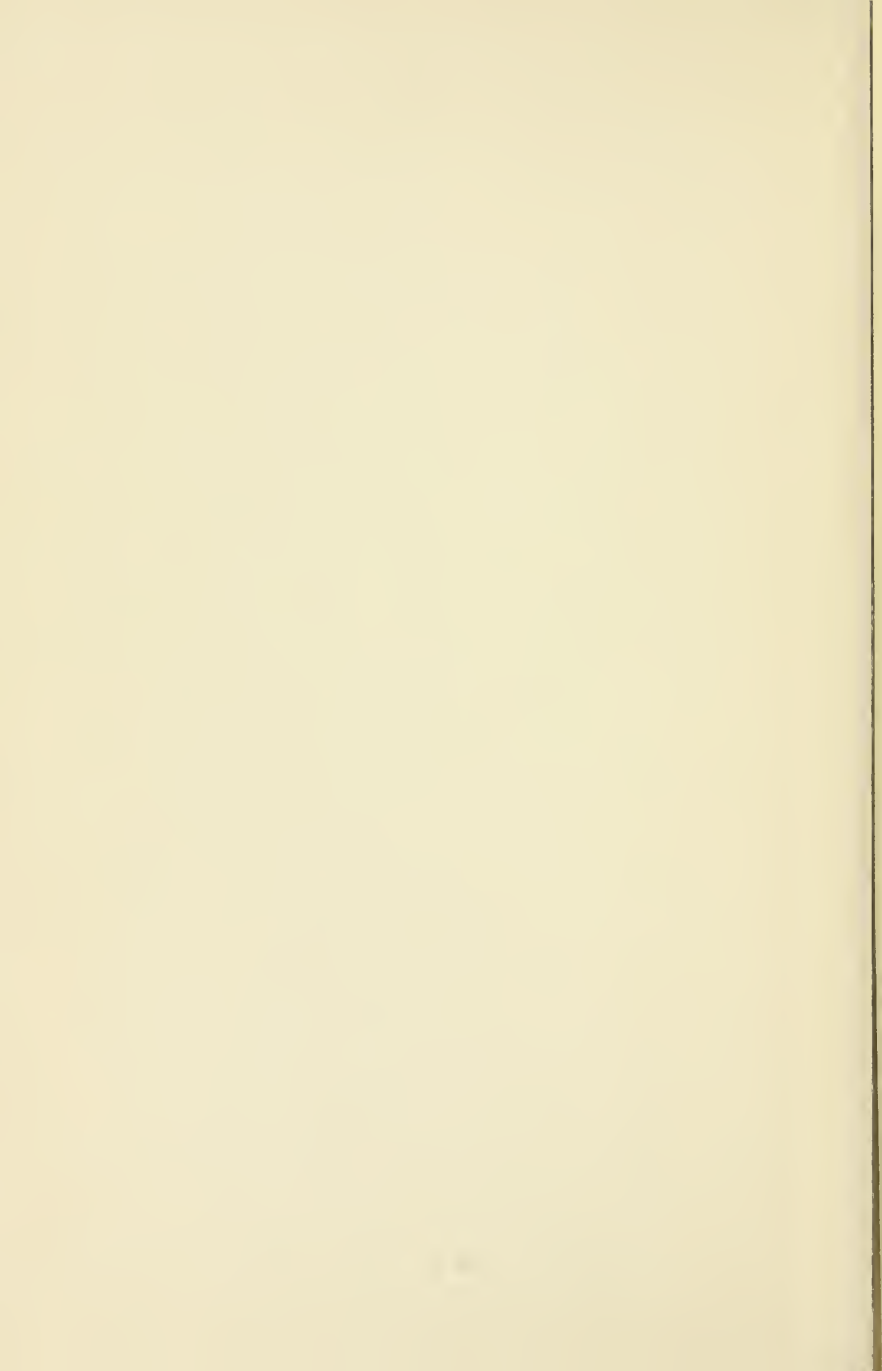
Theodore Roosevelt was a brave warrior of the body, he was the mightier warrior of the soul.

His life was a chord of many notes, blending in noble harmony, like the brass, the strings, the wind in Beethoven symphonies—militant, conquering, glorious! Its music is not mute.

It still echoes round the world, sounding the forward march for the souls of men to that nobler warfare—to victory—to peace.











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